Eddy Current.

WM. H. MULLANE, Publisher.

EDDY, - - - - - - - N. M.

Lord Inverava has behaved himself remarkably well during his stay in this country.

Canada is ablaze with preparations for war. It may be necessary to turn the hose on Canada.

The jail deliveries in New York and Louisville contribute to a strong argument against the amateur jailers.

St. Louis is a good town in a great many respects, but it makes a serious mistake when it boasts of its climate.

Young men of 70, who have retired from any interest in life's activities, should take a lesson from Gladstone at 86.

Every time you speak evil of the absent, you injure your own character more than you damage the reputation of him you deride.

The Sultan of Turkey may be a brutal monarch, but he seems to be overcome with an unspeakable zeal to populate the celestial regions.

The new woman should bear in mind this year that the defendant in a breach of promise case occupies a very unenviable and unprofitable position.

It cost Philadelphia a half million dollars to ascertain that street railway strikes don't pay. This is a good stiff price for second hand information.

If England really wants to preserve peace she can. Let her carefully avoid Jars.—Kansas City Journal. And she will never get herself in a pickle.—Relah.

Mr. Rockefeller's record as a giver-away of millions is still exceeded by that of Stephen Girard to the extent of $1,000,000 or so, but Mr. Rockefeller is young yet.

Ex-Minister Lincoln says that the British maintain large fortifications at the mouth of the Orinoco. And they were built since James Monroe spoke his little piece, too.

This being leap year, and at the same time the year of general elections, the public expects to hear Belva Lockwood making advances to the presidential nomination at a very early day.

It is for England to say whether there shall be a war or not. Such a calamity can easily be averted by arbitration, and her consent is all that is needed to bring the result to pass.

The Duke of Marlborough's greed for money seems to be insatiable, if we may believe the cabled story that he has permitted the duchess to have her life insured in a large sum for his benefit. That sort of thing is a very cold-blooded proceeding under any circumstances, but it is especially frigid when it happens before the honeymoon has begun to wane.

Cleopatra was stung by an asp secreted in a basket of figs. Evil often lurks amid the sweets of pleasure. The busy bee finds honey for the hive in the calyx of the flower; the hermit spider distills the nectar into poison with which to destroy its prey. The grateful heart gathers good from the noxious weeds of sorrow; the ingrate sips evil from the roses of delight. To the pure all things are innocent, to the vicious the holiest things are profane. Men always find what they seek.

Many marvel how a worm gets at the core of an apple when the outside is unpierced. The larva or egg is deposited in the blossom, and is developed in the fruit. "Thus foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child," and the germ develops with its growth. How careful parents should be as to the influences alighting upon their children in the bud of being. A young wolf is as innocent as a kitten, only waiting to be old enough to bite. The true nurture recognizes the vulpine instinct, and seeks by admonition and discipline to supplant it with the lamb-like nature. Destiny swings with the cradle. The dew of the morning is parental to the rainbow of the evening.

It was stated in Philadelphia shipping circles this week that the operators of the Siberian railroad, now in course of construction from the Black sea across to Vladivostock, had placed a large order in Philadelphia for locomotives, and that the British whaleback steamship Turret Bell had been chartered to land the first cargo there in February. The Siberian railroad, when completed, will be one of the longest in existence; its tracks will extend across 7,500 miles of territory. The construction of this road will have the effect of opening up that part of the country, and will render possible, at a comparatively small expense, the shipment of material and products from the Pacific to the Black sea districts.

In view of the fact that the consumption of the nameless little abominations that are smoked in lieu of pipes and cigars is several billions annually it is hardly a surprise to learn from Kentucky that the largest tobacco planter in the world has failed.

If anything is to be saved in the Christian provinces misruled by Turkey it is evidently Russia that must do the work. England will not, and the other powers cannot. It is rumored that Russia will soon be permitted to make a move.

Wintering Bees.

Successful wintering of bees is the great corner stone of apiculture, and whoever has succeeded by any method should be slow to think of changing to some other method, writes Geo. Spitler.

In the more northern latitudes bees are put into caves dug in the ground, while in the South bees winter safely upon the summer stands, without any preparation. In the more temperate climate where sudden changes take place bees must be protected by some method.

The writer has had but little experience in cellar wintering, as he soon found that for best results it was necessary that bees, when carried from the cellar in the spring, be protected from the sudden changes of temperature at that time of year, to accomplish which packing in chaff or some other material must be resorted to, especially if the colonies are rearing brood, which is often the case.

In cellar wintering it is desirable, in fact essential, that a portion of the cellar be used which will be disturbed as little as possible during the long winter, for perfect quietness is a very essential condition. A place should be selected where the temperature can be in a measure regulated and where bees are free from sudden changes and draughts of air.

Colonies should be taken to the cellar when settled cold is likely to set in, usually by the middle of November, sometimes earlier and sometimes later. I have always thought it best to have a chaff cushion over the frames when bees are in the cellar, to absorb moisture—the roof of the hive being left off. Place the hives on a platform from 18 inches to two feet from the cellar bottom, with the bottom removed, or at least inch blocks placed under the corners of the hives to allow of ventilation and the removal of dead bees. I have also found sawdust scattered over the cellar bottom a good thing to help in keeping the cellar sweet, as the bees that crawl from the hive to die are thus kept from the ground, and instead of moulding and creating a stench, they wither and dry up.

Remember to provide an entrance for the bees to pass out and in at any time, which is done with a little "bridge," we call it, to fit closely over the entrance to the hive so that mice cannot enter to disturb the bees, which they are very apt to do if they have the least chance.

The roof must be made to fit closely, so as to keep out rain and snow, but great care is required, and it is very important that the roof be so constructed that there will be plenty of space over the packing so that the moisture caused by condensation will rise, which it would not do if the roof touches the packing.

It is perhaps best to bore inch holes into each gable end of the roof, covering the hole with wire cloth, which will admit the passage of a current of air over the chaff; this will keep the cluster of bees dry, and bees never freeze if they are kept dry.

We are now ready to place the hive into the packing box, which can be done at any time when everything is dry and the day is not too warm, so that flying bees interfere; but it should be done before settled cold weather. There will be less lifting of hives if the bottom board of the outside case is loose, so that it can be slipped under the hive when it is raised, the outside being placed over the whole; this is not material, as it is no great trial of strength for a person to place the hive into the outside case. Care should be used to avoid jarring the hive, if you would avoid trouble.

The packing, whatever it may be (the writer prefers wheat chaff), should be pressed around the hive rather lightly; if too compact it is more apt to hold moisture. Provision must be made so that bees can pass from one comb to another; this could have been done before by making a hole through the combs toward the top, but the same end is served and the comb is not mutilated with what beekeepers' supply dealers call a "Hill's device." If this is not at hand, tack sticks of wood, one-half inch square, two or three inches wide, long enough to reach nearly across the frames; place this crosswise the frames, sticks down. This will admit of bees passing from comb to comb to get honey in a cold time, which they would not do if they had to pass around the combs. Where such provision is not made bees often starve while surrounded with plenty. Even corn-cobs laid across the frames will answer the same purpose.

Now spread your burlap cloth or any porous cloth over hive, bees and all, and fill in chaff—better about six inches thick—lap the edges of cloth back into the box, and if occasion demands you can easily get at the bees. The less they are disturbed the better, if they have been properly attended to.

Planting Trees on Waste Ground.—There is a great amount of land on most farms which is practically waste. Some of this is hilly ground which is not profitable to till, and of very little use as pasture. Such lands with a little care could have trees started on them which in a short time would require no attention. Then, there are also places where windbreaks would be desirable, and shade along the road and lanes. In view of the fact that our source of lumber and timber supply is gradually and surely being contracted, and that these materials are constantly appreciating in value, it is the dictate of wisdom to provide a new supply. But do not plant fruit trees in such places. On account of the many diseases and insects to which these are subject, they should be planted only where they can have constant supervision and good cultivation.—Ex.

A Lewiston, Me., man is studying out a sidewalk which can be turned up to clear snow in the gutter.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

The ominous word produced not a thrill of surprise in any one who listened. Lynde himself heard it without a single shade of change. His face grew no paler, he did not drop his calm eye from the face of his condemning judge for a moment. He had expected it and was strong to bear it.

But they carried Agnes Trenholme out in a dead faint—for just before the final rendering of the verdict she had crept inside the door, and stood there unobserved. And it was weeks before she came to herself one cold morning in December, when the snow lay thickly without, and the wild winds howled dismally around the old house on the Rock.

The second day after her return to consciousness they had to tell her all that had transpired. Lynde Graham had been remanded to prison for six days, at the end of which time he was again taken before his judge, and there received the sentence of death. He was to die by the hand of the executioner on the 25th day of December, between the hours of ten and two.

It was now the tenth of December, still fifteen days to his death. Agnes astonished every one by the rapidity with which she gained strength. On the fifteenth of the month she went below stairs, and ten days afterward she took a short walk. On the morning of the eighteenth she came into the sitting-room clad in her riding-habit. Ralph and her mother both looked up at her in amazement. The calm resolution on her white face told them both that she was resolved on something from which nothing could turn her.

"Mother, Ralph," she said, in a clear voice, "I am going to beg for the life of Lynde Graham. No, you need not utter one word, for I warn you it will fall upon a deaf ear. No authority shall keep me from saving an innocent man!"

"Agnes," said Mrs. Trenholme, "I do not comprehend your strange interest in this dastard son of a rude fisherman—"

"Mother," she replied, "I love him, and I know him to be guiltless. It would have been impossible for hands so pure as his to have done this wicked thing!"

"Agnes," said Ralph, sternly, "remember you are speaking of a murderer!"

"I am speaking of an innocent man. Some time, Ralph, if I save him—and something tells me I shall—you will thank God that your revenge was not accomplished in the death of one guiltless as yourself. I am going to Governor Fulton. He is a just man—a Christian, I am told. He holds the pardoning power, and he shall save for me the life of Lynde Graham!"

Ralph rose from his chair, his face wrought upon by the excess of passion within.

"Agnes," he said, with terrible emphasis, "I might lay the iron hand of authority upon you and force you to give up this mad scheme. But that I will not do. I leave you free. But as surely as you do this thing, I cast you off! You are no sister of mine! And mind you this—never come back to disgrace with your footsteps the threshold of a dishonored home!"

She heard him through without the change of a muscle, and when he had finished she bowed in sad submission.

"So be it. I will never come back until you bid me. Good-by!"

She passed out into the hall. Mrs. Trenholme sprang up to detain her, but Ralph laid his strong hands on her arm.

"Mother, she has chosen. Remember she has disgraced us forever!"

"But she is my child! O, Ralph! this accursed pride!"

"It will help us through," he said, hoarsely. "God knows what would become of me without it!"

Agnes went out to the stables, saddled her own horse Jove, and springing into the saddle, took the road to Madison, the residence of Governor Fulton. Madison was distant nearly 200 miles, and much of the way lay through the woodland of a sparsely-settled country. But of this Agnes never thought. Her sole aim was to reach the place in season to get a reprive back to Portlea before the twenty-fifth. And she had little more than seven days in which to accomplish it. Her horse was a fleet one, with great powers of endurance, and was well acquainted with his rider.

The first day passed monotonously enough. Night overtook her at Freeleigh, just sixty miles from home. She had made good pace, and set out early the next morning. At noon she rested a couple of hours, and pushed on. She came now upon the very gloomiest part of the way. The road lay through vast tracts of forest, with here and there a hut in a clearing, to show that the hand of civilization had not entirely vanished from the world. It almost seemed as if Jove understood the importance of the errand upon which he was going, for he gave no sign of weariness, but hurried on, animated perhaps by the spirit of his rider.

About sunset it began to rain heavily, and the horse sank to his fetlocks in mud. Agnes drew rein at the first shelter she reached—a small, rude hut in the heart of a dense pine forest. It was a most forbidding-looking place, and had her mind been less occupied, Agnes might have hesitated about seeking shelter there; but just now she was not thinking of danger to herself.

The inhabitants, an old man and woman, were as rude as their home. They gave her a gruff invitation to walk in, and led Jove off to a shed at the rear of the hut.

She seated herself before the fire to dry her clothes, and the woman brought her a bowl of milk.

The man now came in, and the avaricious eyes of the couple wandered frequently to the costly watch Agnes wore at her girdle. The look in itself would have been very suggestive to an acute observer, but Agnes was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she noticed nothing that was passing around her. Her grim entertainers made a few rough attempts at conversation, but meeting with no encouragement, they soon relapsed into silence, and after a little while they told her she might retire when she chose. She rose quickly, glad of the prospect of being alone, and followed the woman up the rude ladder leading to the chamber above the kitchen.

In one corner there was a sack filled with dried leaves, and covered with a warm quilt. The woman pointed to this meagre bed.

"It be the best we've got," she said; "but it's not such as the like of ye have been use to. But I hope ye'll sleep well."

She lay down on the outside of the bed, without undressing, and tried to sleep. But slumber held aloof. The longer she lay, the more wakeful she became. Full two hours passed, and she was still restless.

Just as she was about to rise and walk about a little in the hope that it would bring the sleep she needed, she heard a distinct and ominous whisper coming from the room below. Some secret, unaccountable impulse led her to put her ear to a crack in the flooring and listen. The woman was speaking.

"It can be done in a minute, and it will make us rich. You are a fool to dally!"

"Softly, old woman. She may not be asleep. She looks like a lady in some sort o' trouble. Seeh don't go to sleep as innocent like you and I do." And he gave the woman a nudge intended to be facetious.

She answered, impatiently:

"What I want to know is will you do it or not? Time's passing. She'll die easy. The knife is sharp. And the old well is a safe place to rest in. No danger of ever being rooted out."

"It's a deed I don't like to do," said the man rubbing his grizzled, bald head thoughtfully. "A man I don't mind, but a woman is a different thing. But I won't be a coward. Give me the toothpick. That watch would tempt a speaker in meeting."

Agnes waited to hear no more. She knew that it was her own death she had heard planned, and stepping noiselessly to the window she opened it and looked out. The rain still fell, but it was not so very dark. Somewhere under the clouds there was a nearly full moon. The window looked out on a shed, and within its rude shelter she heard Jove quietly munching his coarse provender. The very sound gave her courage. She did not feel the danger to herself; she was only thinking that if she perished there, Lynde Graham would be sacrificed.

She sprang lightly upon the shed, slipped to the ground, and, untying her horse, mounted and dashed away. All the night she kept on, never daring to stop, and when the sun rose in the morning, red and cheerful after the storm, it showed her the glittering spires of the city of Madison.

People stared at her in blank amazement as she rode along the yet quiet streets. Her habit was splashed with mud, her riding cap soiled, and its white feather ruined by the rain of the night before; her horse was jaded and travel-stained, and her pallid face and eager eyes, above all—it was no wonder she excited a wondering attention.

She asked for the residence of Gov. Fulton, and a stately stone mansion in a shaded square was pointed out to her. The goal was reached at last.

She slipped from her horse, left him at the great gate, and, ascending the marble steps, put a tremulous hand upon the silver bell-knob.

CHAPTER VI.

HIS liveried servant stared at Agnes almost rudely. The governor was not at home, he said, in answer to her eager question—he was absent at Freeport, and would not be at home until ten that evening. Perhaps not until morning, if the roads were bad.

"Is his wife at home?"

"He is a widower, madam," answered the man.

"His daughter, then? I am sure I have heard that he had a daughter. Is she here?"

"Miss Fulton is in the parlor."

"Take me to her at once. Let me see Miss Fulton!"

"What name shall I take to her?"

"None. She does not know me. I will explain everything to her, and bear the blame, if any falls."

He opened a door leading into a spacious room, shadowy with the soft gloom of crimson curtains, but wonderfully brightened by the gleam of a wood fire on a wide hearth. Before the fire, curled up on a lounge, a kitten purring in her lap, and a book in her hand, was a little golden-haired girl of 16 or 18.

She startled up at sight of the visitor, and opened her wide, brown eyes in amazement.

"Get down, Juno," she said to the kitten—then to Agnes, "Whom have I the pleasure of meeting?"

"Are you Miss Fulton?" tremblingly asked Agnes.

"Yes."

Agnes caught her hand in hers.

"You look good and kind—your father must love you. Will you help me?"

"To be sure, if I can. What shall I do first? Clean the mud from your habit, or comb you hair? Both are shocking."

"I know I am in wretched array, but, my dear girl, I have ridden on horseback from Portlea, almost 200 miles, and only halted when my poor horse could go no further. I have been too miserable to think of my appearance. I have come on an errand of life and death. Miss Fulton, let me tell you very briefly my sad story, and then judge whether I have any chance with your father. You have heard of the murder at Portlea?"

"Yes. The beautiful young bride was murdered almost at the altar?"

"She was. And you know, perhaps, that there is a man under sentence of death for this murder?"

"Yes; papa told me."

"Well, I have come to ask this man's life of your father. Not his pardon—that were too much to plead for—but his life, the life of this man, falsely accused, wrongfully convicted!"

Miss Fulton gave a little incredulous stare.

"I think he deserves to be hung!"

"No; because he is innocent. If he had done the base deed—though he were dearer to me than my own soul, I would not lift a finger to save him. The girl they said he murdered was my adopted sister—she was to have been the wife of my only brother."

"And what is this Lyndo Graham to you?"

Agnes blushed scarlet, and stood trembling and abashed before the governor's daughter. But Helen Fulton was quick-witted; she understood it all, and put her hand on the drooping head caressingly, as she said, softly:

"He was your lover?"

"No; not that. But he has been my companion from my earliest childhood—and—and—you can guess the rest."

"You loved him? Poor girl! No wonder you are wretched. But what if he did murder her?"

"He did not! Never think it for a moment. I would stake the salvation of my soul on his innocence! The real murderer is yet to be brought to justice. Will you take my word? Will you help me?"

"Yes, I think I will," said Helen, thoughtfully—"that is, I will go to papa with you, if he don't happen to be bearish. I asked him for the money to buy a new bonnet, this morning, and he told me to go to Flanders—just as if they made Parisian bonnets in that Dutch place!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

How He Acts in the Cab of an Engine Drawing a Fast Train.

The locomotive engineer is a remarkably placid fellow, with a habit of deliberate precision in his look and motions. He occasionally turns a calm eye to his gauge and then resumes his quiet watch ahead. The three levers which he has to manipulate are under his hand for instant use, and when they are used it is quietly and in order, as an organist pulls out his stops. The noise in the cab makes conversation difficult, but not so bad as that heard in the car when passing another train, with or without the windows open, and in looking out of the engine cab the objects are approached gradually, not rushed past as when one looks laterally out of a parlor car window. The fact is that the engineer does not look at the side—he is looking ahead and therefore the speed seems less, as the objects are approached gradually.

Those who have ridden at ninety miles an hour on a locomotive know that on a good road (and there are many such) the engine is not shaken and swayed in a terrific manner, but is rather comfortable, and the speed is not so apparent as when one is riding in a parlor car, where only a lateral view is had. The engineer can be very comfortable if he is quite sure of the track ahead, and it is only in rounding curves or in approaching crossings that he feels nervous, and it is doubtful if it is any more strain to run a locomotive at high speed than to ride a bicycle through crowded thoroughfares. Judging by the countenances of the bicycle rider and the engineer, the engineer has rather the best of it.—Railroad Gazette.

The Bicycle Path.

If it is true that the road to perdition is paved with good intentions, while the way to the other place is strait and narrow, besides being a rough and thorny path, it does not require much skill in guessing to predict which path the bicyclers will select.

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